

The Tragedie of Hamlet

We will bestow our selues; read on this Booke,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true;
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him coming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: To die to sleepe
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation
Deuoutly, to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreames may come?
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of office, and the Lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himselfe might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Countrie, from whose borne

*Sigfrid
Lous*

Prince of Denmark

No traeller returnes, puzzles
And makes vs rather beare the
Then flie to others that we know
Thus conscience dooes make
And thus the natiue hiew of re
Is sickled ore with the pale ca
And Enterprizes of great pite
VWith this regard their curre
And loose the name of action
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in th
Be all my sins remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for t

Ham. I humbly thanke yo

Ophe. My Lord I haue reme
That I haue longed long to re
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer g

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, y
And with them words of so f
As made these things more ri
Take these againe, for to the
Rich gifts wax poore when g
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you hon

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. VWhat meanes you

Ham. That if you be hon
discourse to your beautie.

Ophe. Could beautie my I
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truly, for the pow
honestie from what it is to a
translate beautie in his likene
but now the time giues it pr

Ophe. Indeed my Lord yo

Ham. You should not ha
euacuate our old stock, but w

No